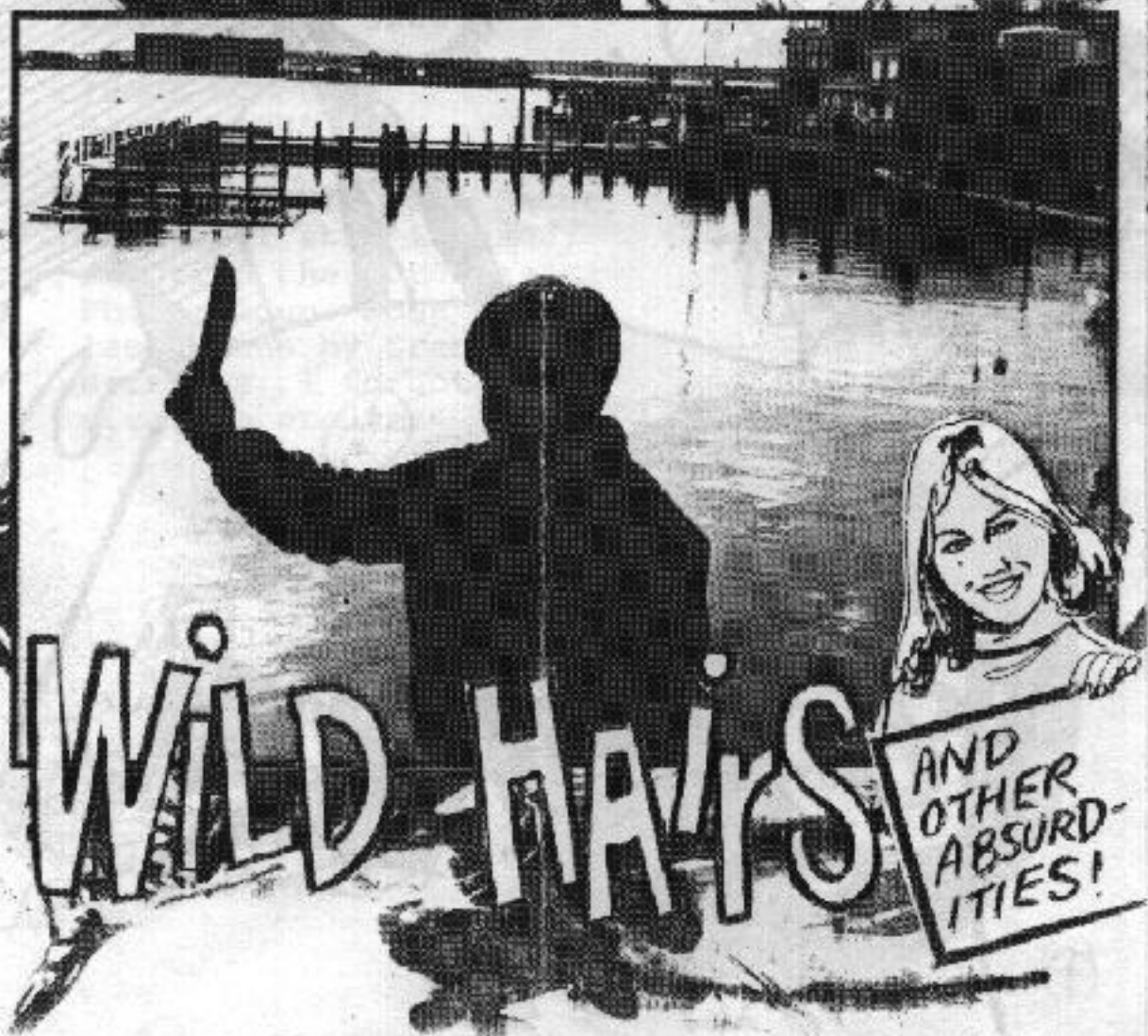
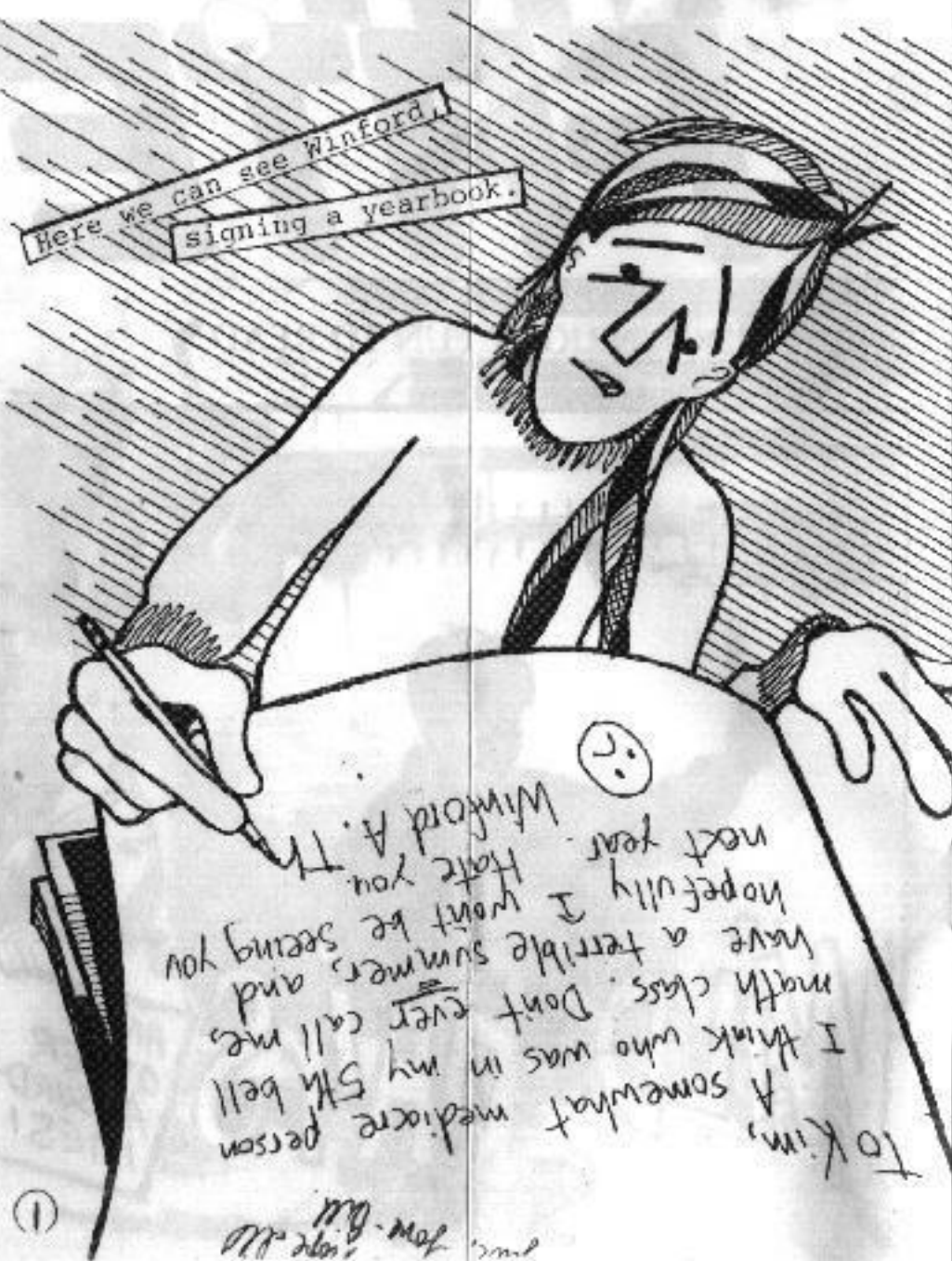


SKATE FATE

DOWNRIGHT FUN TO READ.



WINFORD THOMAS



SKATE

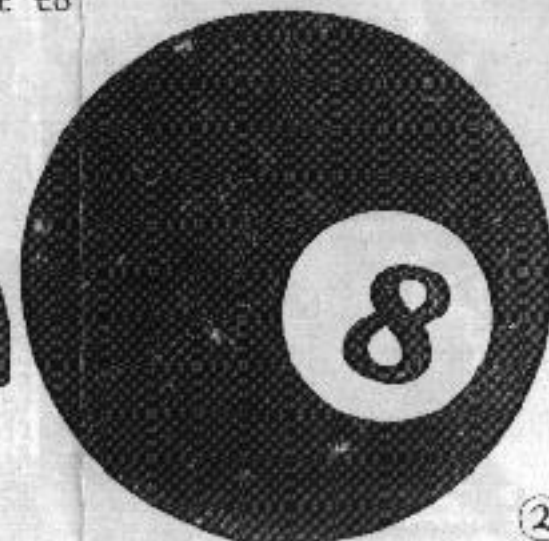
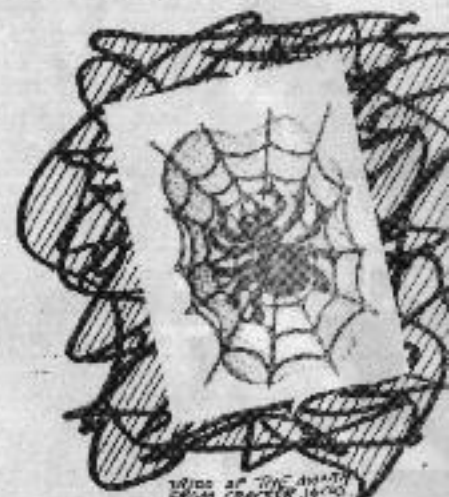
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EDITOR-GARRY DAVIS
ALL WORDS, GRAPHICS,
LAYOUTS BY GSD

SKATE FATE P.O. BOX 6
CARDIFF, CA. 92007

ISSUE NUMBER 45
MARCH, 1985

ON THE FRONT: John Saint,
with tail skid in hand,
enjoying the outdoors.
Photo: Doug. Most photos
last issue by Grant
Brittain. I forgot to
give him credit.



Wild

Hairs

OVERTURE

Welcome to the area of the ridiculous, a vast, unlined territory of chance, where larks permanently stain the bottom of your underwear; let men perspire profusely from the simple act of walking to the refrigerator during a 2 minute commercial break; and another pro staff contact is held at Del Mar.

CHAPTER ONE

Consider the wide world of advertising, or even the world in general. Anything for a buck? Saturday morning T.V. land, filled with scenes of rampant tulshit. Pre-teens liddle across the screen on cut-out skateboards decked all out in red, white, and blue. Take a quick glance at the back of a random box of cereal or Super Super Crisp, to be exact. Chances are, you're in for burly. See if YOU can come up with a decent caption for the Super Super Bear "got in" red. And who could ever forget the zinc-sized pages of Reader's Digest? What with the little old lady and a Powell-Peralta "Sears issue" street deck firmly in her clutches.

Light-a-crunchy. Snoopy paperbacks. Tony the tiger... the list of unrepresentative portrayals of skateboarding in the media goes on and on. Maybe it doesn't matter, but then again, when you're out on a 2 lane rural road, raining, at 3 a.m., you've got to start wondering why it does. And maybe someday, with a lot of hard work and hope, we will eventually get to see a full-color likeness of Tony Hawk inverted on the front side of a family size box of whenties. Frank will be proud.

CHAPTER TWO

An offering of random notes from all around Stacy Peralta, Hollywood resident. In past years, you've seen him on everything from the Mini Page newspaper to the Charlie's Angels T.V. show to a most recent 20ask Christmas commercial. Next up, you'll be able to view Stacy as electronic dots in motion on the pop-war night time program "Remington Steele". Don't touch that dial!

SAVE
20c

Light & Crunchy

Light & Crunchy has the crunch that really gets you rollin'! Enjoy light, toasty corn puffs cracklin' with great tasting granola. A wholesome snack that will roll with you everywhere!

Please check box for G.I. Bill Information: ☐ Veteran ☐ Active Duty

Gerry-
Enclosed is a photograph
which was sent to me
by Eric Harrison. Yeah the
same guy who shot me
those photos that were
left stuck to the window
to your left. I figured you
might be one of the few
who could appreciate such
a howling shot.
Daring, I might add,
and no, not at all stale.
Just look at the statement
in her shirt. Now I saw
the last time I saw
you, you painted at Lester
Kazuo as the flat bottom of
across the flat bottom of
Del Mar's (left-hand right)
entering a (left-hand right)
backside all the way to
somehow managed to pry
up the direct, if not plain,
truth, it you will
later. Neil Blender

1984- the year of just
another skateboard boom.
Gold-n-fun skatepark, Santa
Barbara, Ca., re-opening its
doorway only to be bulldozed
6 months later. Organized
skating just doesn't seem to
want to work.
Along those same lines,
with the obvious rise of
skate popularity comes the
unavoidable but much wel-
comed and fortunate) ruin of
new skate mags or "zines".
Issue number ones seem to be
surfacing at the rate of 2
or 3 a week as of late.
Names for you to scratch on
to your fresh stack of en-
velopes, whiplash, swank,
attempted control, skate
vest, social Bazooka Club,
IBS, etc. etc. etc.

CHAPTER THREE

We now confront you
with the case of one Neil
Martin Blender, 21, Orange
ca. An individualist. A
vertical skater. A person
slowly being driven liter-
ally mad by the girder-
like standards of a gov-
erning American social
structure. "Join or die"
don't even consider looking
for Neil, working in an offi-
ce building in 3 years
time. Along those same
lines, we firmly advise
you to stay away from your
local morgue as well. Open-
ing a drawer, you might
not like what you find.

Now even your T-shirt can say "GIVE THE TROPICS A GLASS OF TROPICANA"

a glass of
the trop
and us 6 UP
of trop
or wor

TWO FIVE SPREAD: NEIL BLENDER.
LEFT: TROPICANA PHOTO BY NEIL.
MIDDLE: NEIL AT DEL MAR.
RIGHT: NEIL AT HULA
PARADISE



✓ Check-off vehicles you own: ☐ Truck ☐ Off-Road ☐ RV/Van
☐ Motorcycle ☐ Volkswagen ☐ Performance/Sports Car **F425**



CHECK ONE: ☐ Bill me later

CHAPTER FOUR

This is solid shit, NOT NORMAN ROCKWELL. "Everyone's an artist." You are what you say. I say nothing. Pictures have already been painted of things that are both here and there. Pictures have already been painted, also, of things which are supposedly not here or there or of things which should or should not and possibly will or will not ever be destroyed or created. Is it up to you? Destroy. To create. Ideas examined. Absorbed. The artistic technique of this rather nihilistic attempt at layout. I recently walked to a trail or park, picked a little old lady's flowers, stomped them to death, brought them to a desk, and laid them to rest on a sheet of plain, white paper. Drinking a cup of Coca Cola. I spit the last mouth full all over said piece of paper and flower remnants, providing a splash effect of what some might say "gross" proportions. Sprinkling a couple of squashed ants onto the paper at random. I then took a spool of clear shipping tape and masked all of the aforementioned items (smashed flowers, spit Coke, and dead ants) permanently down onto the layout paper. The xerox machine was then activated. So what of the result? Art or atrocity? Neither. Never. Nothing at all.



ABOVE: A MACHINING JATINE, OLD, WITHIN THE QUESTION "HOW RIDICULOUS ARE ONE PERSON DRESS?" AS HE DRINK AND FROM A BRUC LEADING BACK AREA. ABOVE RIGHT: "GEEK" JIM MARTIN. BELOW LEFT: DOWNHILL RACING. ALL PHOTOS BY JGS.

CHAPTER FIVE

Objects of curiosity within the skateboard intelligentsia.

Jim Kortan, a quite bizarre, if not widely hated individual, a man so obsessed with the actual slalom aspect of skating that he constantly and publicly denounces vert skating, claiming it holds a "tyrant-like rule over all aspects of the mass skateboard media." was found to be literally SPYING on one of his highly advanced British slalom racing peers. Keeping tabs on Brit Martin Sweetey, considered by many to be the top slalom on the earth, the estranged Kortan could, at will, rattle off numerous murky details concerning Sweetey's training, eating, and even sleeping habits. Times, etc... that were't enough, take into consideration Jim Kortan's further geek-like diversions, such as fixing the dips and bowls of the DSLI War Facility parallel slalom stance. Related quote: "I'm the inventor of the pool skat." -Jim Kortan '84

Boss Brown, dit-line slalom racer, Majorit deck man, said a ramp tool model deck. Truly ridiculous. Trans-world magazine comes out with a traced photo-top for identification reference purposes. Very figure the featured slalom skater to surely be old, when in fact it is no one but Boston street skater Greg Lileo.

Downhill racing, far since removed from the center ring spotlight and public acclaim, has seemingly been off in its own little corner developing itself slowly, over the past years, through the use of such decidedly odd tools/items as duck tail fairings, shark helmets, aerodynamically ground trucks, and strategically placed swaths of duct tape. What the future times hold for this most dangerous and rare aspect of skating, no one seems to be quite sure. The hills and co's, however, are waiting.

Let Your Teeth Heal Themselves



CHAPTER SIX

Place yourself 600 miles straight up. Take a long look straight down. There, if you look closely enough, you should be able to find plenty of examples of structures such as the apartment, the condo, the house, the hotel, and the camp. Interlocking these popular modes of livinghood you will undoubtedly find almost endless samples of the street, the lane, the highway, the road, the freeway, the alley, the goat path, and the court. Notice, now, millions of tiny moving dots of light. Automobiles. People in cars, buses, and trains. Leaving home, going to work, school, or what have you. A place of occupation or learning, or just hanging out. Office building, gas station, restaurant, public high school, garage, photo-mat, drug store, warehouse, cafeteria, bar. People everywhere talking on and on but not saying truly much, yelling at fathers, screaming at mothers, hitting, cursing, backstabbing, preying, worrying, fantasizing, hoping, dreaming, wandering, gossiping, lying, judging, waiting, cheating, fucking, killing.

ABOVE LEFT: JUST ANOTHER WILD ONE. ABOVE RIGHT: WHO IS THIS GIRL? WHICH PRO IS SHE NOW? MARRED BY HOW MANY CHILDREN WILL SHE SEE?

Come on back down now. Place yourself directly in the center of it all. Maybe in a pleasant park or a down town street corner at noon. Ask yourself a question. Is interacting socially really even worth it? At all? Is the societal essence itself really reached the point of being a pile of pure rubbish? "Should I ruin my day and map out my life?" Should we, as thinking, feeling human beings be quick to judge or speculate alone, break or put with the hard liquor, and begin to kick some serious ass? What should be talked about, laughed at, or cried over? Is anything even worth consideration? Why is every one so serious? Should I join? you may ask. Or is satire surely a way of life for me?

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2/TONE
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BEARING

NEW! 63's!!



SKATE
I
M
S
T

Skaters—send \$1.00 for new product update and sticker.

⑨ study and learn in spare time.



YORFISH!

92



cardiff, ca.